

*How to Say Thanks*

**Psalm 23**

**KEY VERSES**

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

<sup>2</sup> He makes me lie down in green pastures;  
he leads me beside still waters;<sup>[a]</sup>

<sup>3</sup> he restores my soul.<sup>[b]</sup>

He leads me in right paths<sup>[c]</sup>  
for his name's sake.

<sup>4</sup> Even though I walk through the darkest valley,<sup>[d]</sup>  
I fear no evil,  
for you are with me;  
your rod and your staff,  
they comfort me.

<sup>5</sup> You prepare a table before me  
in the presence of my enemies;  
you anoint my head with oil;  
my cup overflows.

<sup>6</sup> Surely<sup>[e]</sup> goodness and mercy<sup>[f]</sup> shall follow me  
all the days of my life,  
and I shall dwell in the house of the LORD  
my whole life long.<sup>[g]</sup>

Reviewing the last three weeks in our Psalm 23 series, we have reflected on how we as sheep are always in need of our Shepherd; how to not run past His blessings and lie down in green pastures; and the assurance that He is with us as we walk through our darkest valleys.

As with the gifts in life that are sometimes beyond valuation, we ponder in the last verse how we, as sheep, might respond to the infinite, overflowing love of our Shepherd. While we're enjoying the blessings of life, God never stops working for us. The Hebrew word "follow" (v. 6) is translated more as "track down," or "chase." **Knowing God will find you and help you no matter where you are, how does this make you feel?**

In Romans, Paul describes "keeping our eyes wide open to the mercies of God as we present ourselves as a living sacrifice." Think about someone who has always been there for you. In this same way, God looks down with compassion even when we're not noticing, multiplied infinitely. The only proper response to this unquantifiable love is for us to say, "God, I am with you, too."

**Sit in this final stanza of the hymn, "Oh Sacred Head Now Wounded" as you reflect on responding to God's infinite love:**

*What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest Friend  
For this, thy dying sorrow  
Thy pity without end?  
Oh, make me thine forever  
And should I fainting be  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to thee*